

## Chris Webby

### "Best In The Burbs"

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I'm rollin' safe and sound  
Easy as a blaze a pound  
Put my middle fingers in the air  
And never take it down  
Writing raps for me is easy  
I just play around  
Hit em with these crazy adverbs and outrageous nouns  
And still no labels found me and fuckin signed me yet  
And though I grow impatient  
I know my time is next  
I'm a big dog, y'all are tiny pets  
I'm an autobot, I got it tatted on my chest  
Optimus Primes my motherfuckin bodyguard  
So I hit em with these you can never stop me bars  
I'm at the sake bar  
Gettin blacked out  
Till I wake up on the sidewalk passed out  
The judge is tellin me this is my last chance  
So I gotta stay grinding like a lap dance  
Got bitches bendin over like they got a back cramp  
Insert below the lower back tat, damn  
I'm why your girlfriend lacks pants, huh  
Steady, work her out like its fat camp  
Uh, yo, somebody grab a trash can  
Shit, at least somewhere to ash man  
I gotta dutch lit, rappin with soul  
Leave you with a fat lip like you're packin some skoal  
Cause I do it for the Franklins  
I'm a blue whale and the games full of plankton  
I'm a vet, a top threat  
Known to rock sets  
Tear it the fuck down for DJ Booth.net  
I'm ballin truly so y'all should shoot me  
You can see me on that online call of duty  
Smack booty, I'm rude and intrusive, hardly lucid  
Hittin DJ Booth with that exclusive  
I need no excuses  
I spit that crack  
Play fetch with the disc jockey bring that shit back  
They said Asher's the best in the burbs  
Well at least that's what they said

And that's for one reason  
Cause they ain't heard Web  
I make a mean song, plus I kick it from the head  
Always buzzin off the ADD meds, HEMPSTEAD!  
To CT you know I make the best studda  
No Will Ferrel but you better step brudda  
Ha, that's why your girl's ass bare  
I hit it, and didn't pay for the cab fare  
Now relax there, don't get pissed off  
I'm the survivor on my island, and you been kicked off  
Think this kid's soft? R.O.F.L  
I got the look, got the swag, and a flow that sells  
My reputation so excels so just stop  
I do more then watch for sex, drugs, and rock  
I'm silly and such, fillin a dutch  
Battlin dudes who simply suck  
Then go fuck Hillary Duff  
Tryin to rap it with my dick in the butt  
And spit fire, so I'm sorry Lizzie McGuire  
See, I'm rappin past the throttle  
I'll crack a bottle  
So you better get the fuckin picture like a graphic  
novel  
I got your little bastard boggled  
You couldn't fuck with me even if we spittin at a  
brothel  
Cause I be killin em like Hostile  
Murderous with words  
That's why they sayin Webby is the best up in the burbs

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